3617 P55f

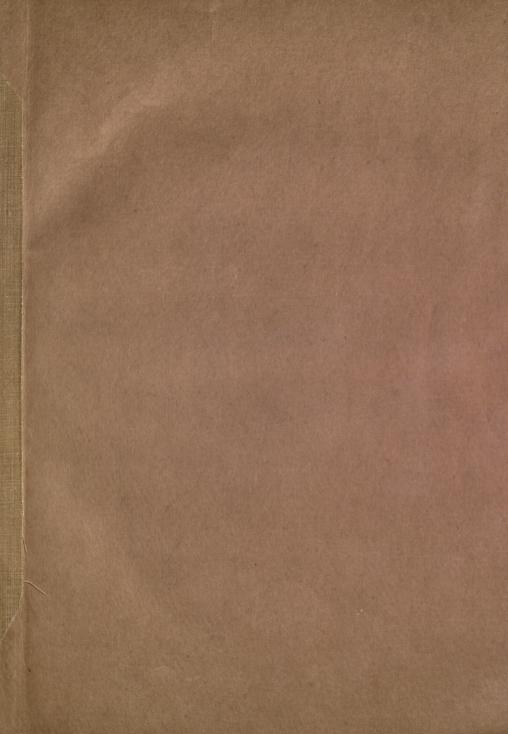
Penrose

Flight of fancy



THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
ENDOWMENT FUND





FLIGHTS

OF

FANCY.

By the Rev. THOMAS PENROSE,

CURATE OF NEWBURY, BERKS.

LONDON, Printed:

And fold by J. Walter, Charing-Cross, and J. Willis at Newbury.

M.DCC.LXXV.

EVILLE GHTP

FANICY.

By the Revi. THOMAS PEHILOSS,

CULATE OR NEWBURY, PERSON

LOND ON Hand

施

And the by J. Walter, Chang dryn alt is ver

PR 3617 P55f

THE

HELMETS,

A

FRAGMENT.

THE Scene of the following Event is laid in the Neighbourhood of Donington Castle, in a House built after the Gothic Taste, upon a Spot samous for a bloody Encounter between the Armies of Charles and the Parliament.

The Prognostication alludes to Civil Dissention, which some have foretold would arise in England, in Consequence of the Disputes with America.

The HELMETS.

Thro' the whole mansion—save an antique Crone's,

That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken fleep (fell harbinger of Death)
Of a fick Boteler.—Above indeed
In a drear gallery (lighted by one lamp
Whose wick the poor departing Seneschall
Did closely imitate,) paced flow and sad
The Village Curate, waiting late to shrive

The Penitent when 'wake. Scarce shewed the ray To Fancy's eye the pourtrayed characters That graced the wall—On this and t'other fide Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair, In many a trophy formed, the knightly groupe Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong, And horses' furniture—brave monuments Of antient Chivalry.—Thro' the stain'd pane Low gleamed the Moon-not bright-but of fuch power As marked the clouds, black, threatning over head, Full mischief-fraught; -from these in many a peal Growled the near thunder—flashed the frequent blaze Of lightning blue.—While round the fretted dome The wind fung furly: with unufual clank The armour shook tremendous: -On a couch Plac'd in the Oriel funk the Churchman down:

[7]

For who, alone, at that dread hour of night, Could bear portentous prodigy?——

" I hear it," cries the proudly gilded Cafque (Filled by the foul of one, who erft took joy In flaught'rous deeds) "I hear amidst the gale "The hostile Spirit shouting-once-once more " In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine, "There will be work anon."--- "I'm 'wakened too," Replied the fable Helmet (tenanted By a like inmate) "Hark !- I hear the voice " Of the impatient Ghosts, who straggling range "Yon fummit, (crown'd with ruined battlements "The fruits of civil discord) to the din "The Spirits, wandering round this gothic pile,

" All

- " All join their yell—the fong is War and Death.—
- " There will be work anon."
 - " Call armourers, Ho!
- " Furbish my vizor-close my rivets up-
- " I brook no dallying"
 - ----" Soft, my hafty friend,"

Said the black Beaver, " Neither of us twain

- " Shall share the bloody toil-War-worn am I,
- 66 Bored by a happier mace, I let in fate
- " To my once master, since unsought, unused
- " Penfile I'm fixed—yet too your gaudy pride
- " Has nought to boast,—the fashion of the fight
- " Has thrown your gilt, and shady plumes aside
- " For modern foppery; -fill do not frown,
- " Nor lour indignantly your fleely brows,

We've

[9]

- "We've comfort left enough—The bookman's lore
- " Shall trace our fometime merit; -in the eye
- " Of antiquary taste we long shall shine:
- " And as the Scholar marks our rugged front,
- " He'll fay, This Creffy faw, that Agincourt:
- " Thus dwelling on the prowefs of his fathers,
- " He'll venerate their All.—Yet, more than this,
- " From our inactive station we shall hear
- " The groans of butchered brothers, shrieking plaints
- " Of ravished maids, and matrons' frantic howls,
- " Already hovering o'er the threatened lands
- " The famish'd Raven snuffs the promised feast,
- " And hoarflier croaks for blood-'twill flow."

	Forbid	it,	Heaven!	
--	--------	-----	---------	--

" O shield my suffering country!—shield it" prayed The agonizing Priest.

... We we comfort left anough - I ha baokster ...

e shall a co our fometime merit; --in the co

" Of antiquary taffe we long shall shine:

" And as the Scholar marks our rugged more.

: 4 He'll fay, This Coeffy fave, that Agrician.

"Thus dwelling on the prowers of his fathers,

" He'll menerate their Ett -Yet, more than

" From our inactive flation we finall hear

"The grouns of butchered brothers, Thrishin

of Of ravilhed maids, and matrons' frunch

" Already hovering o'er the threatened lends

"The familit'd Raven funffi the promitteen

"And hoarflier croaks for blood - in billing

"Forbid it, Heaven!

" O thield my fuffering country !- thield it provide

" agonizing Frieft,

Lic portal langes grate, they come-

Samor shormy and sum the

In various armour, THE runous velfa

With belm and morion, targe and thield,

Lis que la River Unch, Oc biti R mare Richt : D

Of O D I N.

Fill the Sculls, 'tis ODIN's cry:

Heard ye not the powerful call,

Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?

- " Fill the meath, and spread the board,
- "Vaffals of the griefly Lord." _____

The

. V/OT/ . 4

The portal hinges grate,—they come—

The din of voices rocks the dome.

In stalk the various forms, and drest
In various armour, various vest,

With helm and morion, targe and shield,

Some quivering launces couch, some biting maces wield:

All march with haughty step, all proudly shake the crest.

The feast begins, the Scull goes round,

Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.

The gust of War subsides—E'en now.

The grim Chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged brow.

"Shame to your placid front, ye Men of Death!"

Cries Hilda with difordered breath.

[13]

Hell ecchoes back her fcoff of shame To th' inactive rev'ling Champion's name.

"Call forth the Song," fhe fcream'd;—the Minstrels

The theme was glorious War, the dear delight.

Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

- " Joy to the Soul," the Harpers fung.
- " When, th' embattled ranks among,
- " The fteel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,
- (" Banners waving o'er his plume)
- " Foremost rides, the flower and boast
- " Of the bold determined host!"

With greedy ears the Guests each note devour'd,

Each struck his beaver down, and grasped his faithful sword.

The

" Call forth the Song," the fercam'd; -the Min

The Fury mark'd th' auspicious deed,

And bad the Scalds proceed.

- " Joy to the Soul! a joy divine!
- "When conflicting armies join; when and all I
- "When trumpets clang, and bugles found;
- "When strokes of death are dealt around;
- "When the sword feasts, yet craves for more;

Calle Beel-clade Enicely, in vicour's

" And every gauntlet drips with gore."—

The charm prevailed, up rush'd the maddened throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
Fierce ODIN's self led forth the frantick band,
To scatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land.

M A D N E S S.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the Muse's fires!

All thy answers, Eccho, bring,

Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,

'Tis Madness self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail!

Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,

Far as the Voyager spreads his 'ventrous fail.

Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee;

Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark!—To the aftonished ear

The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.

They now approach, they now appear,—

Phrenzy leads her Chorus near, and allow And Dæmons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,

Revenge, and Malice swell her train,

Devotion warped—Affection crost—

Hope in Disappointment lost—

[17]

And injured Merit with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,

Various voices, various cries,—

Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,

Bursts of laughter,—heart-felt groans—

All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars

On Thule's defart shores,

Wild raving to the unfeeling air,

The fetter'd Maniac foams along,

(Rage the burthen of his jarring fong)

In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.

No

No pleafing memory left—forgotten quite

All former scenes of dear delight,

Connubial love—parental joy—

No sympathies like these his soul employ,

But all is dark within, all furious black Despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,

By too much tenderness betrayed;

Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,

But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame, a garage blow.

All—but in reason, still the same.— same and share and s

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,

Point out to Pity's tears, the poor diffracted fair.

Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost,

She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, fadly gay, of forrows past she fings,

Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.

She starts—she slies—who dares so rude

On her sequester'd steps intrude?—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—

Merry mischief fills his brain.

Blanket-robed, and antick crown'd,

The mimick monarch skips around;

Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,

And plots his frolicks quaint, and unsuspected wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,

Drawn from the inmost foul!

- " Give the knife, Demons, or the poisoned bowl,
- "To finish miseries equal to your own."-

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—

—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief,

Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd, Manda and Duteous daughter of the skies,

To warm and chear the human mind,

To make men happy, good, and wise.

To point, where sits in love arrayed,

Attentive to each suppliant call,

8

The God of universal aid,

The God, the Father of us all.

First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,

'Till Superstition, siend of woe,

Bad Doubts to rise, and Tears to slow,

And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.

Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, slies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependence lies.

But ah!-too thick they croud,-too close they throng,

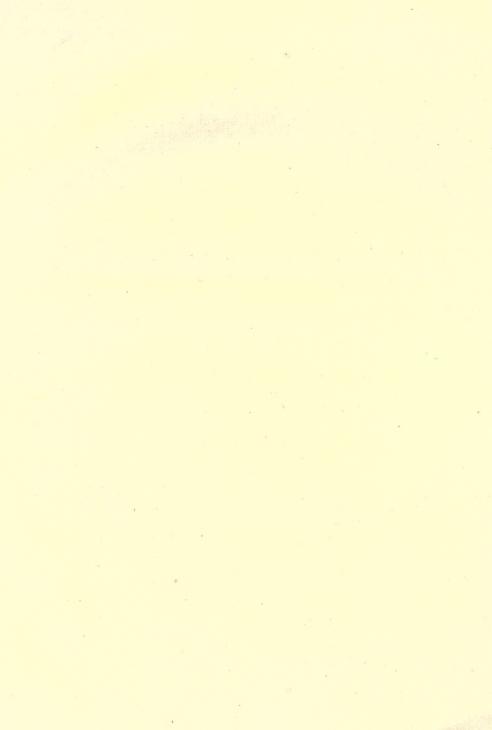
Objects of pity and affright!-

Spare farther the descriptive song-

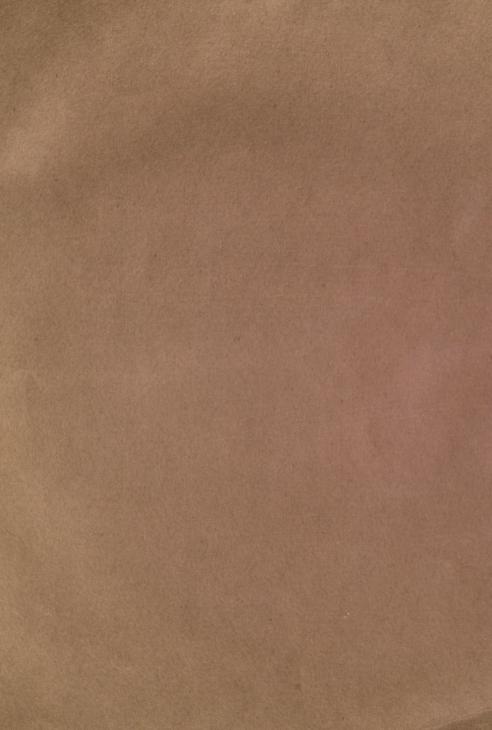
Nature shudders at the fight.-

Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless groupe low drop Compassion's veil.

F I N I S.







This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-50m-7,'54(5990)444

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY Los Angeles

> THE LIBRARY UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES



